

# Good Morning 736

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## This is Maureen Greeting A.B. Barras

When you arrive home on your next leave there will be a great welcome for you, A.B. Barras, and the first to greet you will be your baby daughter Maureen whom you have not seen yet.

When we called at your home at 4, Prior Street, Gateshead, Co. Durham, we found your baby daughter happily playing with the toy bear you sent her. Her blue eyes smiled at us as we entered, one hand held the bear and the other pulled at her fair curly hair.

Your wife Margaret was busy with housework, and washing baby clothes.

Your brother, who has been a P.O.W. for three and half years, is O.K. Your wife had a letter from him.

Margaret hopes you have been getting her letters. When we called she had not heard from you for some weeks.

Although baby keeps your wife busy she managed to get to the polling booth to place her vote in the recent election!

Your sister Anne and Mrs. Doland ask about you a lot.

Everybody at home send their best wishes and love, with a special gurgle from baby Maureen.

## Tale of an Imp for Sto. Alan Harrow

"Old England" expects that L-Sto. Alan Harrow shall some day soon do his duty by a pint.

That is the gist of a message given us by Mrs. Harrow when we called at 28 Gensing Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, to get a picture and some home news for you, Alan.

Of course, the most captivating person we met was fifteen months old Rodney. It is really a great pity that you are not home to delight in him, but when you do get back you may be sure there will be no shyness on Rodney's part. All the time he is calling you, and he knows immediately where to look for your photograph.

He certainly keeps your wife and her mother busy now, and both of them wish you were home to help to look after him.

You probably know that in previous years your wife has succeeded in raising quite respectably sized cucumbers this year Rodney has put paid to any ambitions in this direction by sweeping the plants away with his pet broom!

Also, he is apparently attracted to your own profession, because one of his greatest amusements at present is swinging on the electric wires in the hall.

From these two examples of your young son's escapades you will easily see how much of an imp he is, but your wife wouldn't have him any other way, and when you get home you will most certainly be very proud of Rodney.

By that time, there is even a possibility that he will have learned to swim, because Mrs. Harrow did say she was going to teach him soon!

She is looking forward to the time when you can all go swimming again at the pool, and hopes it won't be long now before you see the inside of the Pavilion together once more.

While we are on the subject of entertainment, your wife thinks very specially of you when she listens to Gerald, and is longing for the time when you will be able to listen with her and Rodney by the fire at number 28.

# The Amazing Apology of Mrs. Oma Christian

STUART MARTIN TELLS A NEW CRIME STORY

TALK about forgiving your enemies! You can talk ethics after you have read this story, which has a new angle (as I have tried to give in other cases) to crime stuff. If this isn't new, you can eat my hat—only I don't wear a hat.

Clyde Showalter was a young and fairly prosperous farmer just outside Mt. Carmel, Illinois. On October 19th, 1905, he saddled up his horse and buggy, told his wife he was going into Mt. Carmel to collect 1,485 dollars (£297) from a man to whom he had sold a load of hogs, and drove off.

CLYDE collected the money, for assaulting a girl aged about thirteen. However, he was spent the afternoon going around buying supplies. He visited a few saloons, too, and had a drink here and there. But he was quite sober when he headed for his buggy to drive home.

He never arrived home. Next day his wife got anxious and told the police. The police began to track his movements. They found that he had put 1,400 dollars (£280) into two banks in Mt. Carmel. They went to the stable where he had put up his horse and buggy. The horse and buggy were still there. But no sign of Clyde Showalter. He had just vanished.

Months went by. On May 26, 1906, two kids were rowing in a boat on Patoka Creek, looking for mussels. They saw what they thought was a log sticking up from the water, and logs are the places to look for mussels.

But this wasn't a log. The kids saw it was a human body. They raised the alarm and later the body was identified as that of Clyde Showalter. There was no doubt about that.

It took the police some time to get going, for there was little to work on. Time dragged until September, 1908, when two cops went to a cannery factory and laid hands on Jesse Lucas, a worker there. They told him they were charging him with the murder of Clyde Showalter.

This was a surprise to Lucas (so he said), and it was also a surprise to folks who knew him. Everybody thought he was a nice young chap who worked hard and was perfectly honest. Then the folks got another surprise. The cops arrested his mother, Mrs. Lucas, and charged her with being an accomplice in the crime.

The trial took place in April, 1909. The two chief witnesses for the prosecution were a girl named Oma Johnson, and Curly Conrad. At this time Conrad was working a sentence

When he was at the funeral some of the influential residents of Mt. Carmel had a word with Jesse. They put it to him that if he confessed to the crime they would work hard to get him out on parole.

To this Jesse replied that he hadn't killed Showalter, and he was not asking for parole on a crime of which he was innocent. So he was marched back to prison, never expecting to come out of it again.

He aged in prison. He had served twenty-three years when the Parole Board sent word to the prison that a new aspect of the crime had broken in on them. They had heard things.

There was a man named George Pond, living in Decker, Indiana, a member of a church and generally quite well-known. He had lived in Decker for many years, but now was ill and felt the finger of Death beckoning. He sent for a Mrs. Anna Smith, whom he knew well, told her that he had been very sinful and was afraid to die, and asked her advice.

This Mrs. Smith had said: "George, make your peace with God, and He'll forgive you."

But before he appealed to the Highest Authority, George Pond spilled the beans. He told Mrs. Smith that it was he who had killed Clyde Showalter. And he gave details.

"I hit him on the head with a hammer," he said, "when he was crossing the southern bridge at Mt. Carmel. I expected to get his fourteen hundred dollars, but all he had on him was fifty dollars. I threw him into the river, but later I took his body over to Patoka Creek and buried him in the sandbar."

So, having heard this death-bed confession, Mrs. Anna Smith very properly went straight to the Parole Board and told. And George Pond, having thus "made his peace with God," passed to another sphere to get what forgiveness was coming to him—or otherwise.

The Parole Board were considerably interested. First thing they did was to rout out Oma Johnson. They couldn't raise Curly Conrad, for he was in another world. But they held Oma Johnson, who by this time was married.

In the new witness stand Oma Johnson told the truth this time. She said that her name was now Oma Christian (!) and that she had committed perjury about the murder because Curly Conrad had threatened her with death if she didn't.

At the time of the murder she had never even met Conrad, for he was in prison; but that Conrad had made a deal with certain law officers that if he could solve (as he said he could) the murder of Showalter he might get his liberty.

At that time Conrad, as has been said, was in prison, but he had known Oma Johnson, and he said she had witnessed the murder with him, and that caused her to be held by the police as a witness.

At first she didn't quite understand, but Curly, when faced with her in prison, got her to agree to his story on pain of death if she didn't. He had had a few talks with her in her cell, where she was kept. The police thought she was just "stubborn" about being a witness, so had held her in prison, and Curly had had opportunity to see her.

Therefore, to get out of prison, and to get away from Curly Conrad, she had agreed to his yarn; and that was why she was a witness. She had never sat with him on any timber pile, or anywhere else.

Investigation revealed that her story—her new story—was accurate. Evidence on that came flowing in.

Well, after a thorough probe, Jesse Lucas was set free, and Oma Johnson did a little, very little, prison sentence for perjury, then she went free.

They don't give innocent men "compensation" for false imprisonment in U.S.A., so Jesse Lucas had to start all over again.

That's all the story, or nearly all. Now comes the text on which I have based this article in its opening sentence.

Some time after the case was nearly forgotten, a year or so exact, a covered wagon was creaking along the road near Mt. Carmel one summer day when a man with a fishing rod over his shoulder crossed in front. He walked towards another man sitting on the Creek bank, also fishing. Fisher No. 1 swung round and saw the wagon had stopped under some trees to let the



"Well, well! Perseverance has earned its reward, chum! Third try lucky!"

horse blow a bit. Then fisher No. 1 said to fisher No. 2:

"Say, Jesse, there's a woman sitting in that wagon beside her husband. She knows you."

Up rose Jesse Lucas and walked across. He didn't need to look twice.

"Do you recognise me, Oma Johnson?" he asked.

Oma Johnson Christian shrank away, frightened.

"Are you Jesse Lucas?" she whimpered; and, before he could reply, she burst out:

"Jesse, I'm sorry I did it. I was scared stiff of Curly Conrad. I wanted to get out of jail, Jesse. Oh, Jesse, I'm sorry."

Just that for swearing 23 years of a man's life away.

Jesse Lucas looked at her sadly and nodded his head.

"It's all right now, Mrs. Christian," he said quietly. "Everything is fine."

Jesse Lucas went back to his fishing. The covered wagon drove off.



We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# NO WONDER LOUIS FELL FOR JEANNE DU BARRY

JEANNE DU BARRY was born in 1743, the daughter of one Anne Becu, a sempstress. Her father is unknown, so why bother our heads about him any further?

At the tender age of six, Jeanne attracted the attention of a certain M. Billard Du-monceaux, who placed her in a convent. The old boy should have saved his money! Jeanne left the convent at the age of fifteen and went into service, but no sooner had the boss come home tired and weary and Jeanne appeared with the soup and fish, than it was curtains!

She was back on the doorstep with a week's wages in hand, Madame was taking no chances.

Jeanne certainly was a good-looker. Jeanne, after trying service time and again, got tired of lug-ging her bags around and tried the Big City, Paris.

She checked in at a place called Maison Labilla. Paris-ian milliners, counter-jumping for a few francs a week. This joint was apparently the happy

home of all the young blades of Paris, or lads of the village as we now call them.

They draped themselves round Jeanne's counter till even the credit customers began to lodge complaints!

One day, it was in the spring, I believe, in walked a roue, name of the Count Du Barry, who kept a gambling hell (Ignore the title, it was as phoney as the count himself). He was a nasty piece of work was this Du Barry, a confirmed ogler of pretty women, which kept him pretty busy.

Ogling Jeanne and telling the young blades to mizzle and pronto, if they knew what was good for them, Du Barry lounged on Jeanne's counter, toyed with the ribbons, commented on the millinery, fooled around with the lace—and before Jeanne could scarcely grab her hat and coat he'd installed her in his gambling hell.

She was 17 at the time, and had begun to take a pride in her figure. She stayed several years helping this fathead and

that one to part with the ready. In other words, she was an asset.

Sometime in 1768 she met Louis the Fifteenth, King of France. She was now 25, and Louis was 58, widowed with seven children, had a weak intellect, and was easily led.

Nowadays, we'd say he was a bit potty.

Life at the palace had been drab, lost its glamour, so to speak, and one or two duchesses had been trying to get their hooks on the poor old lad. He was also seeing spots and woke up tired in the mornings.

In real bad shape was Louis, you'll agree.

He asked Jeanne to call on him at his palace at Versailles one day to pep him up a bit. Jeanne, a good little soul, really, turned up on schedule to cheer him up.

I suppose they talked about his spots, then the weather, then, perhaps, those awful duchesses, till it was time for Jeanne to go. Now, whether Louis at this juncture told Jeanne he couldn't live without her or what, I can't get to know.

But anyway, Jeanne took her gloves off again and stayed on.

Louis installed Jeanne in a nice suite on the first floor and did everything to make her comfortable. She deserved it. Louis at times could be a bit of a trial.

Louis's Prime Minister, Choi-seul, got a bit snooty about Jeanne at first, and he and Louis weren't exactly buddies; but as Louis told the old kill-joy, "She is pretty; she pleases me, and that should be enough."

Choiseul chalked off, put up

the shutters and retired to the back shop.

Louis's one passion up to then had been coffee. He loved coffee: I believe he'd have bathed in the stuff! He now made it for Jeanne.

True, he always let the mixture boil over. Who wouldn't, with Jeanne looking on.

But they got on together like eggs and ham, and at last Louis was happy. She really did understand the old boy; he in turn loaded her with presents.

harmony to the face, her brown arched eyebrows, brown curling eyelashes, like rays around the melting blue eyes, with that dewy gleam in them, which only Greuze can depict! Then there was the little Greek nose, finely chiselled, and the bent bow of a delicious tiny mouth.

Her complexion was as fair and fresh as an infant's, so brilliant and pure that she wore no paint or powder. Her arms, hands and feet were perfect.

No wonder Louis lost all sense of proportion and ordered the gold and silver!

Saner men than Louis would have gone haywire with such perfection in one piece around.

But as time went on Louis began to get dizzy spells, and found it a job to fasten his collar. On May 10, 1774, he died of small-pox, and Jeanne changed her address.

She lived on for another twenty years, still as lovely as ever, and had two more lovers, Henry Seymour, an Englishman (married) and the Duc de Brissac, who loved her to the last.

During the Revolution the mob, hopping mad at her past extravagances, guillotined her. They thought she went too far. She went a darned long way, if you ask me!

By  
Jack Greenall

He ordered a gold toilet-set for her, but the Treasury cut up rusty.

Louis hadn't bothered to enquire where the money to pay for it was coming from, and Jeanne had to sit back and make do with her old silver one till the Treasury calmed down a bit.

It's only fair to mention on the Treasury's part that just before this Louis had bought Jeanne a gold dinner service with Jasper handles which had put France back quite a bit.

Could Jeanne help it if Louis bought her diamond necklaces, ruby bracelets, emerald rings, country houses, and other knick-knacks? Would any girl have refused? Not Pygmalion likely!

Here is a description of but as Louis told the old kill-joy, "She is pretty; she pleases me, and that should be enough."



"I do wish you could see the way these villagers are celebrating our arrival."

## QUIZ for today

1. What name is given to a flock of Sparrows?
2. Who designed St. Paul's Cathedral, London?
3. Name the only three snakes found in Britain.
4. How many are there in a side at stool-ball?

5. What is the difference in meaning between "lea" and "ley" in place-names?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Gazelle, Antelope, Deer, Unicorn, Springbok.

Answers to Quiz  
in No. 735

1. A cast of hawks.
2. Salisbury.
3. Ben Nevis.
4. Hill.
5. Bass.
6. Mozart.

## True or False?

**THAT CLEOPATRA BUILT HER "NEEDLES."** EVERYONE who has been to London has seen the "Cleopatra's Needle" on the Embankment, brought from Egypt nearly seventy years ago. There is another Cleopatra's Needle in Central Park, New York.

They have this in common, that they were not built by Cleopatra or in her honour!

The London "needle" was christened in 1819 by British soldiers in Egypt. Probably Cleopatra was the Egyptian ruler who most appealed to them.

Actually the needle was cut from the red-granite quarries of lower Egypt about 1,500 years before Cleopatra was born or thought of. The needle's inscriptions make it clear that they were done in honour of Pharaoh Thotmes III, about 1,600 B.C.

Cleopatra's period was the first century B.C. The needle was first set up at Heliopolis. How the Egyptians got the pillar, which weighs about 200 tons, to the Court at Heliopolis must remain something of a mystery.

Later it was moved to Alexandria, where it was found half-buried in the sand, and would have been used as building material by a Greek, who had bought the land, but for the offers to purchase from Britain.

Moving the pillar taxed the ingenuity of the engineers of the 19th century, which makes more remarkable the move 3,500 years ago. The pillar was incorporated into what amounted to an engineless steel ship, and pulled into the water.

It was holed by a rock and sank. When the "ship" had been repaired it was taken in tow, a crew of five remaining on the millar.

In the Bay of Biscay a storm resulted in the "ship" coming adrift. Her crew were rescued, but the ship was lost in the darkness.

Cleopatra's needle was given up for lost until two months later it was sighted off the Spanish coast and towed into harbour.

Eventually it was towed to Britain, and erected on the Embankment with great ceremony.

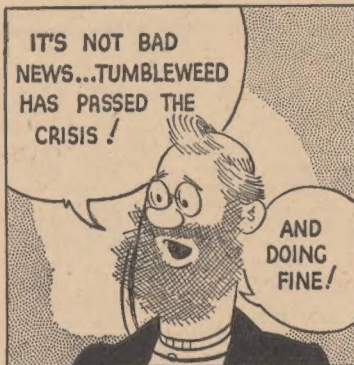
## Alex Crack

A man went into Jones's store to buy a bottle of vinegar. The shelves were lined with bags of salt, hundreds and hundreds of them, and to get the vinegar the proprietor had to go down to the cellar. The customer went with him, and there, to his surprise, he saw more salt stacked on all sides.

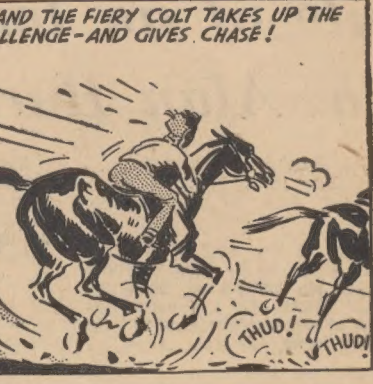
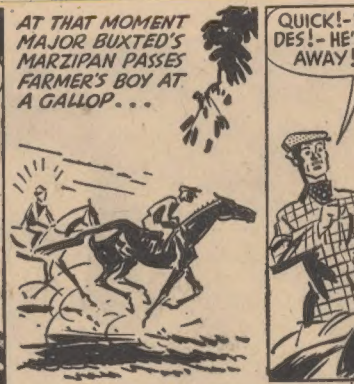
"Say," he commented, "you certainly sell a lot of salt!"

"No," said Jones, "I can't sell salt at all, but the fellow who sells me salt—can HE sell salt!"

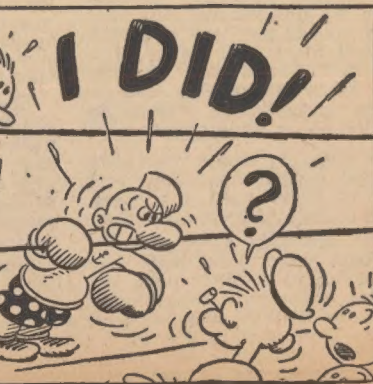
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





# I COLLECT—BANKNOTES

By J. Van Biene  
the Art Connoisseur

I COLLECT banknotes—but who does not, you may say! Alas, if you collect only modern banknotes, you may get very few of them, but if, on the other hand, you collect antique banknotes as historic specimens you can soon have in your possession notes with a face value of many thousands of pounds. If you are looking for a good post-war hobby, give a thought to bank-note collecting.

Although our big museums contain specimens of almost every conceivable thing, a public collection of banknotes doesn't exist.

The greatest difficulty you have in this hobby is to convince the parties holding the notes, which

have probably turned up in some grandfather's cabinet, or in some out-of-the-way corner, that they have no face value, but are simply interesting as curios.

The present curio value of these notes ranges from a shilling to five shillings each, but some are so rapidly increasing in value (notes issued by old country banks within the last 100 years, for instance) that a few pounds spent now may be worth a large sum later.

The big city banks, who have absorbed country banks, would dearly like to buy up these old notes for their own collections, but during the war had no opportunity for such a spare-time interest.

The number of banks with private issues was greatest during the early part of the 19th century, and at one time at least 900 banks

If you are lucky you may succeed in finding Exchequer Bills dated as early as 1697.

I have one such in my collection, with quaint lettering informing the holder that "Pursuant to an Act of Parliament Authorising Bills to be Issued for 12,000,000 L, THIS Bill entitles the Bearer to Five Pounds in pafs in All Paymt. . . . A farthing a Day interest."

Before me as I write is a facsimile of a cheque drawn upon a Nottingham house in 1705, which I take to be the earliest known provincial cheque.

Most of these interesting old documents are of country, origin, for in London gold or mere Notes of Promise were sufficient.

This Nottingham firm first issued banknotes about the year 1728,

and I have one such note numbered 529, dated August 26th, 1728. The owners of the bank were then Samuel and Abell Smith, in later generations to become a famous banking concern in London.

## TAKING EDGE OFF.

Occasionally you may collect notes that have been severely cut round the edges. This gives them an added interest. Nearly a hundred years ago cheques were rarely sent by post, postal orders had not been invented, and post-ages (based on weight) were heavy in mail-coach days. An old banker told me that his first work as a lad was to cut the edges off all banknotes going by post, to save weight!

To redeem notes when the holder demanded gold was a tricky matter

to many country banks. At various times monetary panics arose, banknotes holders of notes took fright and demanded gold in payment for wily bankers quietly introduced their "rag-money."

In many cases the banker, though solvent, could not produce enough bag-gold, as London was the only place where gold reserves in any quantity were kept. "Promise to pay" in cash or Bank of England notes. I have in my collection a Thirsk banknote, dated 1806, on which such a clause is printed.

## MONEY TALKS.

You may not find the most interesting and valuable old notes in antique shops, but often they are in the files and cubbyholes of his banking house had been beset by note-holders, all of old bankers and solicitors. On holiday trips into the country you can enjoy the hobby of banknote collecting. Even a chance conversation in a pub, or in a country-town market, may lead you to a source of old notes of the 1800's.

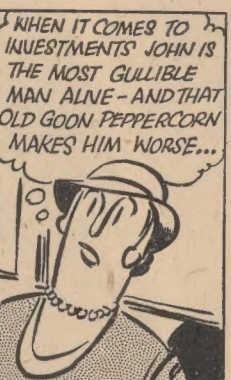
To keep your banknotes clean and iron out the creases, taking care that the iron is not hot enough to scorch. Most of the notes are very dirty when first located.

## JANE

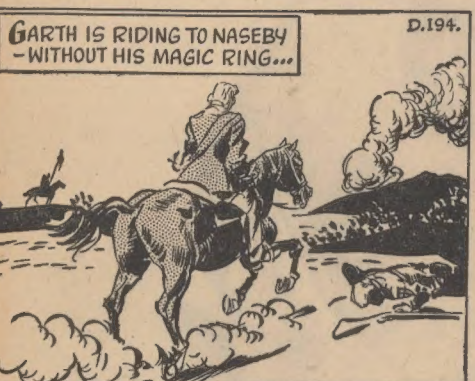


"Will you excuse me, Mr. Finch, whilst I slip into something exciting?"

## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Right, 7 Salad plant, 10 Inexperienced, 11 Soft murmur, 12 Rule, 13 Join, 15 Thicket, 17 Harness-maker, 19 Golf stroke, 21 Divulge, 23 Hackneyed, 25 Sham, 27 Oxidise, 30 Naive, 32 Audible cut, 34 Tennis equality, 36 Space of time, 37 U r g e, 39 Corn beard, 40 Trifle, 41 Payment to author.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Dowdy woman, 2 Boy's name, 3 Interweave, 4 Cold, 5 Number, 6 Glass, 7 Irish county, 8 Wood, 9 Dilate, 14 Rags, 16 Transpose, 18 Seed furrow, 20 Vase, 22 War girls, 24 Somewhat, 25 Spill, 26 Wet, 28 Habitual, 29 Very small, 31 Sharp-sided, 33 Court, 35 Weight, 38 Move.



Good  
Morning



**HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR EGGS FRIED?**

Do you fancy the dark Slavonic type of beauty with the smouldering eyes and the burning lips — like "Houdenko," on the left. Or have you a yen for the blonde, hug-me-tight, come-hitherness of jolly June Haver, on the right. Sarong for now!